**Naked Night**

by rsw

**Chapter 1**

Rebecca crept down the alley. A stirring breeze tickled her bare breasts and sent a shiver through bits of her that she never dreamed she'd be displaying so openly.

Normally, when she felt awkward in a situation where anything remotely sexual was suggested, she knew she was just being weird. Most girls who’d just graduated high school were much more experienced than she was. In this instance, though, she felt strongly that even the most confident of them would feel uncomfortable.

For her, it was probably ten times worse, though. She’d never been naked anywhere except in the shower. She’d never expected to be naked anywhere other than that except, perhaps, a doctor's office.

"That stupid, moronic, idiotic, asshole," she muttered.

How could her brother have locked the garage door? He barely ever even remembered to close it. The one time she needed it to be open ...

He wasn’t the only one at fault, though. Even if it was dark, she should never have ventured out wearing only a towel. But that, really, was his fault, too. He was so busy playing video games that he neglected to do any cleaning, not even in the kitchen, and she’d just finished a shower when he’d told her that he was expecting friends in a little while.

In both his defense and hers, though, who would have thought in a million years that a quick trip to dispose of the smelly trash would have resulted in such calamity?

There’d been no one at all in sight of the short driveway between her garage and the alley when she’d stepped from her backyard, careful to keep the gate from closing fully. Then, the neighbor’s dog had appeared from nowhere, wanting to play tug of war.

He’d won, too, running away with the towel and leaving her completely unclothed. Worse, she’d grabbed onto the gate to give her leverage during the scuffle. It had closed, of course. It always locked when it closed, of course.

God! This couldn’t be happening to her. She couldn’t really be naked outside.

But it was, and she was.

Dwelling on how she got here wasn’t helping, though, so she resolved to put the incident from her mind. She needed to concentrate on the path forward.

With no way into the back of the house, she’d been faced with only one option – going all the way around to the front. That would have been a terrifying prospect even if it only mean circling just her house. It didn’t. In her neighborhood, the fence from one house abutted the fence from the next. To get to around, she needed to travel more than a half dozen houses down and then back again.

She hurried down the back alleyway. Every second she spent outside was a second in which she might be spotted. Besides, she just wanted this whole ordeal to be over with.

At least both sides were lined high with privacy fences that shielded her from the view from the houses she was passing behind, and she was likely to hear anyone outside their garage before she reached them. The only real danger was a car appearing, but the noise should give her ample warning.

She was probably safe enough for now, as safe as a naked girl who desperately wanted to avoid being seen could be, anyway.

Soon, she reached a drive between houses. As she crept to the edge of the fence lining it and peeked around the corner, she was filled with dread. Nothing would protect her from view and she made her way down the drive toward the street.

It was either accept the risk of being caught out in the open or stay where she was and definitely be seen eventually, though. After taking a deep breath, she stepped out onto a narrow strip of grass adjacent to the concrete and hustled forward.

Her breasts and every other part of her jiggled as she ran. If anyone saw her like that … God! She’d have to move to another town. That would be the only option.

As far as she could tell, though, there was no one about to see her, and she reached the edge of the first house quickly. Luckily, there were no lights on, and it was quiet, meaning that, probably, no one was home. No one at that house, at least, would see her naked body.

The wall of the house was in shadow, and she felt some sense of relative safety pressing herself against it. She stood there for a while, listening in an attempt to determine if anyone was out and about.

She gazed at the long stretch of open green between her and her house. Unlike the alley, there was nothing other than shadows cast by trees in each yard to block her from view. If a car drove down the street, she’d almost certainly be seen.

To get home, not only did she have to remain in complete view of the road for a long time, but she’d have to pass at least a dozen lit windows. Once there, she’d have to find the spare key hidden in a fake rock and get the door unlocked to get inside. She had to do it fast, though. Her brother’s friends could be arriving at any time.

Rebecca couldn’t even imagine how embarrassed she’d be if one of them saw her like this. Crap, how embarrassed she’d be if anyone at all saw her like this.

She shuddered. What if someone she knew saw her, like Rick from across the street? She'd simply die.

The cool, soft grass caressing her bare feet highlighted her vulnerability. She never even left the house without shoes for gosh sake!

God! She had to get home! She had to get inside!

To do that, she had to move, to leave the imaginary safety of her current position, but the thought of leaving that relatively shielded position and entering the wide open spaces of the front lawns was her personal nightmare. There was no choice, though. She had to move.

With one hand clutched over her breasts and the other covering her most private part, at least anyone seeing her wouldn't really see anything. Except her butt.

Heat rose to her face.

Marching as quickly as she thought prudent, she passed completely by the first house and stopped at the corner of the next, waiting in the shadows. Light streaming from a window ahead made her nervous. Anyone could be standing there looking out.

Rebecca edged slowly up to the side of it and peeked in, her heart pounding. No one was there. Good.

She didn’t have time to check each window like that, though, so she dashed past the next one, hurrying from the start of that ranch-style home to the end of the next one.

To that point, she’d been able to keep almost exclusively to the shadows, making her feel at least somewhat concealed, but there was a big open space between her and the next tree. Not only that, the area was fully illuminated by a street light a short distance away. Even the thought of being out of the shade made her feel so exposed.

Again, though, she realized that there was no choice. Home. Inside. Safety. Those concepts became her mantra.

Examining the surrounding intently both with her eyes and ears, she stood there for a moment, searching for any signs of life. She didn’t think anyone was about.

It occurred to her that she could just sprint the rest of the way home. The sooner she got inside, the less chance there was she'd be seen.

Taking it slow and cautiously gave her the opportunity to avoid people, though. If someone was at a window, she could crawl underneath. If someone walked outside, she might be able to find cover behind a bush or something.

In any situation like that, running meant her being seen.
Too risky. No way she was doing that!

Not hearing anything, she stole out into the twenty yard stretch between houses. Midway across, she heard something. A rustling. Air moving.

At first, she thought it was just the breeze moving through the tree limbs, but it got louder. A light appeared on the street.

A car.

Rebecca looked around frantically. There was no cover. The houses were both too far away. There wasn't even a shrub nearby.

The car was coming fast!

Seeing no other choice, she dove onto the ground, praying that the driver wouldn't see her.

As it approached, she hid her eyes, unable to watch.

From the sound, the car drew near her, opposite her on the road.

Rebecca wished with all her might for it to continue. Then, she had a really horrible thought – what if it was the police? The thought of being handcuffed naked and taken to the station made her just about have a heart attack.

The car stopped. A door opened.

"What have we here?" a female voice called.

**Chapter 2**

Lying face down on the damp grass, Rebecca thrust her hands over her butt.

She couldn’t imagine what she must look like—bare naked from the tips of her toes to the top of her raven hair, her pale, nude body glowing under the harsh fluorescent glare of a nearby streetlight, her massive breasts spilling out to the sides from the weight pressing against them. How could she have been so stupid to get caught outside like this? Someone was about to see her completely naked!

Another car door opened.

“Is she naked?” A different female voice asked.

“Damn! That girl is getting her freak on right here on the grass.”

Rebecca grimaced. Any slim hope that they hadn’t seen her vanished. What should she do? Run?

As the two girls got closer, she couldn’t look at them. She opted for closing her eyes and hoping they’d go away.

“It’s okay,” the second one said. “We’re not going to hurt you.”

Rebecca had been so focused on the humiliation of being seen without any clothes on that she hadn’t even considered how vulnerable her state made her. She whimpered.

“Are you hurt? Did someone do this to you?” For the first time, a note a concern crept into one of the voices.

Rebecca shook her head and regretted it the instant she did it. Much better to play the victim right now than to be truthful, but it was too late.

The closer of the two voices laughed. “Told ya. She was out for a little streak and got caught. Good times.”

This couldn’t be happening. Not only were these two girls looking at Rebecca, but they were being loud. If she didn’t do something, the whole neighborhood would come out to investigate. God, she’d just die if anyone she knew saw her, especially a guy. It was bad enough that these two strangers, both girls, were seeing so much of her.

“Please, could you just leave?” she asked.

“Where’s the fun in that?” The nearer one raised her voice.

“Shh, Carly! No need to scare her.” The other girl walked closer. “I’m Jules.”

What was Rebecca supposed to do, shake her hand? Instead she tensed, tightening her grip on her buttocks.

“Is this your house?” Jules asked.

Rebecca looked down the street to her home which was still a depressingly long way away. “Three down.”

“Why don’t we give you a ride?” Jules said.

“Wh-Why?”

“It’s safer,” Jules said. “I wouldn’t feel right about leaving you outside like this.”

It would have been much preferable if the two girls just went away. On the other hand, Jules did have a point. It was only a short distance to the house, but who knew what could happen? Danny’s friends could show up at any moment.

Rebecca grimaced at the thought of being caught by any of those guys. She’d never, ever, ever live that down. If the girls could drop her off at her front door, it would get her there that much faster and running to their car left her exposed for a much shorter distance than what she currently faced.

“O-Okay,” she said, still trying to avoid looking at them as if her not seeing them would somehow protect her from their view. “Th-Thanks.”

Nobody moved or said anything for a moment.

“You kind of half to get up, now,” Jules said.

Rebecca would need her hands to do that, meaning that there was absolutely no way for her to get up with much of her modesty intact. “Would you mind turning around?”

Carly barked out a laugh. “Not so much. You ain’t got nothing we don’t have, anyway.”

Rebecca looked at them for the first time. Carly, a plump brunette in jeans and a blue blouse, smacked gum and wore a cross expression on her face.

Jules, a cute blonde with huge eyes in a short skirt and tight tank top, smiled. “C’mon. We don’t bite.”

Protesting would have only prolonged Rebecca’s ordeal. Best to treat it like a Band-Aid. Staying crouched and clutching my arms to protect her breasts and privates from view, she stood.

They’d surely seen her boobs while she was getting up, but that was all. Soon, she’d be safe inside, hopefully to fall into a deep sleep and forget this had ever happened.

All things considered, the situation could have been much worse. No one had even really seen much of her at all.

“Okay,” she said. “After you.”

Following would be much better than knowing they were staring at her naked butt.

Carly grinned and the most evil, malicious gleam ever shone from her eyes. “I don’t know, Jules. Who knows what she’s hiding under them hands? I don’t feel safe. She’s going to have to show us.”

**Chapter 3**

Rebecca was one hundred percent naked. She didn’t even have on a strip of clothing, much less a weapon or something that could be considered dangerous. The only thing she hid was her modesty.

Surely, Carly couldn’t be serious. She couldn’t really be scared.

Rebecca grimaced, realizing suddenly that fear wasn’t driving the demand at all. A chance to exert power was. A chance to humiliate a weakling was.

Carly was a bully.

Rebecca looked to Jules, who had at least seemed friendly, for help, but the blond just shrugged.

God! Things had just gone from bad to worse.

“I’ll just … I’ll just walk home then. Th-Thanks for the offer and everything.”

“I can’t let you do that,” Carly said, grinning gleefully. “The thought that anything had happened to you would keep me up at night.”

Yeah. Right.

“Please, just let me go,” Rebecca said. “You can watch from here.”

“I told you that I can’t let you do that.”

Rebecca winced at the hard tone in Carly’s voice. “Please don’t make me do this. No one … No one has seen me naked before.”

Carly’s answer was a cold glare. There was not a single hint of mercy in her eyes.

“Best to just let her have her fun,” Jules said. “It won’t be any real harm to you, and, then, we can get you home.”

“Best hurry, too. I’m starting to feel all scared of you. I tend to scream real loud like when I feel scared.” Carly glanced significantly at the surrounding slumbering households.

Rebecca did not want to show off her body to these two. To anyone, really. The thought of it made her arms and legs literally tremble. These girls were obviously not going to leave her alone until she lowered her arms, though, showing them all of her. It was either reveal herself completely to them or have the whole neighborhood see her. That was really no choice at all.

She didn't have the willpower to consciously move her arms. Instead, she just kind of relaxed and let gravity take over. Her hands shook as they slowly sank to her sides, revealing her breasts and completely bare private parts.

It was the most monumentally embarrassing moment of her life.

"Damn," Carly said. "What are those, a C cup?"

Though not obese, Rebecca wasn't exactly svelte, either, and most of the excess weight seemed to go to her chest and hips. "Y-yes."

A car door slammed, causing her to jump. Her eyes darted behind her, but the sound had come from far away, echoing off many houses.

"And look at the jiggling!" Carly said. "We gonna have us a good time."

Jules shot her a glare. "Be nice."

"What? I'm nice. We offered her a ride, didn't we?"

"It would really be better if I just walked," Rebecca said. “Please? You’ve had your fun.”

"You really want to do that with the entire neighborhood watching?" Carly said.

"Huh? There's no one out."

Carly smirked. "There will be when I start yelling about seeing a naked girl."

Rebecca hung her head. Again, they had her. For the umpteenth time tonight, she had no options save a bad one and an unthinkable one. Like a condemned prisoner on the way to the gallows, she followed them to the car.

**Chapter 4**

Rebecca climbed into the backseat of the car, hoping against hope that Carly and Jules would simply take her home and let her out.

Instead, Carly started the car and flipped on the inside light but didn’t start it moving, instead turning to look in the backseat. "I want to see what's between them legs."

"Carly!" Jules yelled.

"What? She wanted to get her freak on, so we might as well let her."

Rebecca was near tears. No. No way. That was not going to happen.

“Let’s see that pussy,” Carly said.

“I … I … can’t.”

“Sure you can. Just spread them legs wide, girl!”

Rebecca’s vision blurred with moisture.

“The car’s running,” Carly said. “Inside and outside lights are on. People probably gonna start checking us out to see what we’re doing.”

She was right. In this neighborhood, a car idling in front of a house was a cause for people to investigate, and, when they did, they’d end up seeing … everything.

Rebecca hung her head. She couldn’t let that happen. Thoroughly defeated, she decided to just do what she was ordered to, even if it meant her complete humiliation, so, though exposing her most private place to this bully was her ultimate nightmare, she spread her legs wide.

"Damn," Carly said. "Slut is shaved bare."

"Most girls do that nowadays, you know," Jules said.

"No shit? Do you?"

Jules didn't answer Carly's question, seemingly too captivated by the view being presented in the backseat.

Rebecca sat with her palms flat on the seat to each side and her tits with their hard nipples drooping down unrestrained. Not much of her that she'd normally have covered was concealed from sight.

Both girls' eyes were intent on the mortifying display.

Rebecca had never been so mortified in her life. Surely things could not possibly get any worse.

"Oh God!" Jules covered her mouth with her hand.

"What?" Carly said.

"Her ... her private place. It's glistening. She's wet."

In just that instant, Rebecca went from thinking she’d reached the pinnacle of disgrace to, as the evidence of her extreme arousal was pointed out, realizing that there remained lower and lower levels of debasement still to experience. Her face felt like it was going to burst into flame.

"No shit?" Carly said. "Told you. She's loving this."

Rebecca wanted to protest. She wanted nothing more than to just be out of this situation. To be in her bed, clothed from head to foot in flannel. No words would form, though.

Not that that the inability to speak was necessarily a bad thing. She couldn’t imagine what she could possibly say that would make things better.

"Stay exactly like that, freaky girl," Carly said. "Don't move a muscle."

Scared of what would happen if she disobeyed, Rebecca nodded. Carly turned around and eased the car forward.

Rebecca took a long breath. It would all be over soon. All she'd have to do was run from the vehicle to her front door. She’d quickly find the key and get inside. Surely idiot brother’s friends hadn’t made it over yet. She’d rush inside and to her room.

But her salvation was not to be.

Carly accelerated and kept accelerating. Rebecca's house passed in a blur.

"Th-that was my house!"

"It was a nice one, too," Carly said.

"Wh-Why didn't you drop me off?"

Carly glanced back. "What would be the fun in that?"

**Chapter 5**

Rebecca couldn’t believe this was happening to her. She was being kidnapped by two girls and driven around town completely naked with her legs spread and her hands palm flat down pressed against the seat. No part of her was covered.

Carly had been cruising around aimlessly in the residential part of town for a good ten minutes with no sign of an intent to stop anytime soon. In the back seat, Rebecca winced in fear every time a car passed, especially tall SUVs whose passengers could so easily peer down into the backseat of the little sedan she was in. Stopping at traffic lights was a special circle of hell for her.

To that point, though, she was pretty sure no one besides the two girls in the front seat had actually caught sight of her. That was surely about to change, though. Her eyes widened in terror when Carly turned onto the main drag. Even though it was relatively late in the evening, there were so many people and traffic about.

The first establishment that was open that they came to was The Big Burger Bun, and Rebecca tensed as the car slowed and turned into the parking lot.

Oh God! She was going to be made to do something at the fast food joint. She just knew it.

As the car reached opposite the glass front door, Carly pulled to a halt.

The place was nearly deserted, which wasn’t that unusual considering that most people seemed to prefer the more name brand restaurants.

Nearly deserted wasn't the same thing as empty, though. Three employees, two girls and a guy all looking about Rebecca's age, worked behind the counter. Another guy and girl in their twenties sat at a table near the back, and a lone teenage boy ate at a table near the front.

“Hey, naked girl,” Carly said. “I’m hungry. Run in and grab me a burger.”

"You can't be serious!" Rebecca said, frozen in her position in the backseat.

“Kinda, but not totally. You are definitely gonna get out of this car, but you don’t have to get me anything.”

Rebecca’s heart pounded. No way she was getting out. No way.

“Pl-Please, Carly. Please.”

"Two choices. Option one, you can run in the front door, streak to the other side, and exit the opposite door where I'll meet you. If you do that, I'll take you home. Option two, I pull your ass from the backseat and leave you here."

"But I'm naked!"

Carly rolled her eyes. "Well, yeah. Wouldn't be much of a streak otherwise."

"They'll see everything. And surely they all have cell phones. They'll take videos. My face will be all over the internet."

"Don’t care," Carly said. "You're getting out of my car here regardless."

Rebecca had no doubt the stout looking girl was stronger than her and tougher than her.

“Jules, is there … is there anything you can do?” Rebecca asked.

The blond looked at her friend.

“Don’t even think about it,” Carly said. “This is happening. Besides, the little slut wants it. She’s juicing major and I haven’t even had to reminder her not to shut her legs. She’s totally getting off on this.”

Rebecca looked down at her gaping crotch. Even in the sparse light, her pink folds glistened. She felt more tingly than she had ever felt before.

God! What if Carly was right?

Jules turned to face the backseat. “I wish I could, but Carly’s pretty determined when she gets like this. And it’s her car.”

“I can’t streak through there. I just can’t!” Rebecca yelled. “People will see me!”

Jules frowned sympathetically. "I guess what you have to think of is – how many more people are going to see you and take videos of you if you have to walk five miles back to your place?"

Rebecca shuddered, on the verge of tears.

"Is your biggest fear that you’ll be recognized?" Jules asked.

God, being seen at all sounded absolutely terrifying. Rebecca nodded mutely, though. It would definitely be better if no one knew who she was.

Jules chewed her lips a second. She whipped off her shirt, revealing pert, bra-encased breasts. Her hard nipples were poking out.

"Jules! Damn! What are you doing?" Carly asked.

"You can use this to cover your face," Jules told Rebecca. "But only your face. Cool?"

Rebecca nodded, suddenly very thankful for the nice, pretty blond. Maybe it wouldn't be quite so bad to be seen naked by all those people if they didn't know who she was. Maybe it would be kind of exciting if three guys she didn't even know saw her.

God! What was she thinking? No it wouldn’t be.

For yet another time, though, it wasn’t like she had any real choice in the matter.

She shuddered. "Okay. Fine."

**Chapter 6**

Rebecca couldn’t help but ruminate on the fact that, before today, no one had ever seen her completely naked – well, since she was a young child, anyway. Other than that one doctor visit her mom insisted on dragging her to, no one had seen much of her body at all.

Now, as she wrapped a shirt around her head making sure it was secure and that only her eyes would uncovered above her neck, two girls stared at her very naked and exposed body, and, God, nine more people were about to see her, too.

She literally could not imagine anything in her life that she wanted to do less than step out of the car. As her trembling fingers opened her door, though, she couldn’t help but be very aware of the tingling sensation in her nether regions.

If she hated this so much, why was her body reacting like that? If she hated this so much, why had she been so easy to convince?

When Carly had demanded that she show herself back in the open on that lawn, Rebecca could have easily simply made a run for it. Even if loud screams had followed her, it was likely she would have made it inside before any of her neighbors had a chance to get to their doors. At worst, someone would have gotten a fleeting glimpse of her glowing white butt.

Because of her monumentally bad decision to instead comply with the wishes of a bully, a lot more people were about to see a lot more of her. She was actually about to streak a burger joint.

God! She wished whatever was causing her supremely bad errors in judgment would just go away!

She stepped out of the car, her legs shaking with fear. Her hands flew to cover her bits.

"Hey!" Carly yelled. "No covering!"

Rebecca winced. She had to do as she was told, right? She had to walk into the restaurant and let everyone look at her completely uncovered body. Flopping breasts. Jiggling ass. Shaved slit. If she didn’t run fast enough, everyone in the place would see all those things.

The thought made her want to die. It also made her … giddy … though. She didn’t understand what was happening to her.

Now wasn’t really the time to try, though. Instead, she concentrated on the fact that Carly could easily – would easily – simply drive off. If she did that, Rebecca would be left here, a long, long way from home while on foot, completely naked.

Stranded. Nude. Two powerful concepts that didn’t belong together.

She told herself that she had no choice. No choice at all. She dropped her hands.

People were going to see her body, all of her body. Soon.

A car passed on the highway. It didn't slow, but it passed. More people could have seen her.

God! She wanted so badly to cover herself, to clutch her arm over her breasts and let her erect nipples rub against her soft skin, to clench her hand over her clit and pussy and let the motion of her steps rub the two together. It would feel so, so good. She’d get such sweet, sweet relief …

No. She wanted to cover herself so no one would see her. That was the only reason. Not because doing so would bring certain body parts within close proximity to other body parts.

What was happening to her?

Rebecca realized that she was just standing there, exposed, in a very public parking lot that was in full view of the main drag. She needed to move it, quickly.

Without another thought, she took off toward the building. Behind her, Carly’s car sped off, hopefully to meet her on the other side.

Oh God! If it didn't, she didn't know what she'd do. Die, probably.

Rebecca ran to the front door and pulled it open. The glass swung so forcefully that it clanged against the doorstop. Every eye turned to her. She stood there frozen for an instant.

Guys were seeing her. Her boobs. Her erect nipples. Her intimate place. The solo guy near the front pointed his phone at her.

Her tummy tingled with excitement.

Then one of the girls behind the counter pointed and laughed. "Look! The fat chick is naked."

Other joined in. "Shake it baby!"

Oh God! Rebecca had to get out of there. Unable to process anything other than her need to leave, she sprinted across the restaurant, her bits wobbling and jiggling.

Everybody laughed. She was mortified.

Soon, though, she'd reach the door. Carly's car was just outside. Safety. Relative safety, anyway.

Rebecca finally reached the exit. Salvation! She tugged on the door. Nothing.

She pushed on it. Nothing.

"Oh," a girl behind the counter said, "that door doesn't work."

**Chapter 7**

The task, though embarrassing beyond belief, had been relatively simple. Go in one door. Run across the fast food joint. Exit the opposite door.

That the opposite door might not open hadn’t even occurred to Rebecca. It was a door. It opened. If it didn’t open, what, exactly was the point of it existing?

She’d never even considered what to do if it didn't, so, with her exit blocked, she had no idea what to do.

Rebecca spun, her stare wide. As everyone in the restaurant watched her, she froze like a deer caught in headlights, went tharn like those rabbits in that book. Everyone was staring at her! At all of her! At her totally nude body. Her jigging breasts. Her bare butt. Her shaved privates.

God! She had never been more mortified in her life. Nor had she ever been more turned on.

That wasn't important at the moment, though. Escape! That was the only thing she needed to be considering. Getting to cover.

Cover! Oh God, her hands weren't even over her. Why wasn’t she using them to provide some protection? These people held cameras. They were taking pictures. Videos.

Her arms went to cover herself as she eyed the door she came in, now her only way out.

The teenage boy near the front stood and moved between her and the exit. "I don't think so."

"Wh-what?" she asked, confused.

"You came in to give us a show, so give us one," he said.

Rebecca didn't understand what was happening.

"Drop your hands," he said in a very commanding tone.

"N-no."

One of the guys from behind the counter approached while she was concentrating on the boy giving her orders. She felt a tug at the shirt concealing her identity.

"No!" she yelled.

But she was too late. The covering was whipped off her face. If they recognized her, if they took pictures of her face, her life was ruined. She’d be the joke of the entire town for the rest of her life. Stories of naked fat girl Rebecca streaking The Big Burger Bun would follow her for the rest of her life.

Protecting her face was so, so much more important that covering her body, which they’d all already seen anyway.

She plastered her hands – both her hands – to her face. That action, of course, left the rest of her completely revealed.

The boy grinned. "Look, all we want is a bit of a show. If you follow instructions, we'll even let you keep your face covered. Okay?"

Rebecca nodded.

"Good. Now, lean forward and shake those tits."

Oh God! She couldn't believe this was happening to her, couldn't believe that she didn't have any choice but to present to this leering crowd whatever degrading, vulgar display they demanded.

With her hands plastered over her face, only her eyes revealed through split fingers, she did as he demanded. She leaned her body forward, letting her massive breasts dangle beneath her, stretching toward the floor.

"C'mon," he said. "Jiggle them!"

Closing her eyes, she moved her torso back and forth, feeling her breasts sway and undulate. The guy clapped.

"Man," someone from the direction of the counter said, "she's like a cow. I'd love to squeeze those nipples."

A surge of deep, intoxicating humiliation spread throughout her body. These people were not only seeing her most private parts, but they were judging those parts. These people weren’t just seeing her nude body, but they were forcing her to perform for them.

It was the most demeaning, most erotic experience of her life.

Rebecca moaned as the extreme mortification was accompanied by a wave of intense arousal. Her nipples stuck out like erasers. She was positive that her pussy dripped fluid.

"Keep doing that but turn around," the boy said.

She had to open her eyes to keep her balance, but she didn't dare look at the people and cameras watching her. Still swaying wildly, she spun so that her backside was facing the crowd.

"Great," the boy said. "Lean over a little more. A little more."

Her torso was nearly horizontal by that point, her breasts hanging fully down. She was so humiliated.

At least things couldn't get any worse.

"Fantastic," the boy said. "Now spread those legs!"

**Chapter 8**

Rebecca was already in the most humiliating situation of her life. She wasn’t wearing a stitch, and a bunch of people were staring at her, pointing their camera phones at her.

God! She was bent over with her ass sticking toward the people watching her. Her boobs hung down beneath her, and she’d been forced to get them swaying back and forth, making her feel even more like a cow than she normally did.

She’d just been ordered to show them even more, to spread her legs, to display literally every inch of her private parts to them. That vulgar, disgusting, humiliating, debasing view would be immortalized digitally.

She couldn’t do it. She just couldn’t.

Her only other option, though, was to have her face bared to those cameras. For now, she was able to hold out some hope that anyone viewing the images wouldn’t be able to recognize her. If they pulled her hand away from her face, though, it would definitely reveal her identity. She’d never, ever live it down.

Again, she really didn’t have a choice at all.

Her thighs were clenched tightly together, allowing nothing of the inside of her legs to be seen by her audience. That was about to change drastically.

Slowly, slowly, slowly, she pushed her ankles apart. Each inch of separation brought with it more humiliation and agonizing emotional pain. This couldn’t actually be happening to her. She couldn’t be revealing her most private parts to these strangers.

But she was.

Further and further, her legs spread until she was sure that all of her was exhibited to them – her muffin, her hole, her puckered exit. Everything.

“God!” one girl called. “Check out how wet she is. Her fluid is dripping down her thigh. She's totally getting off on this.”

If the girl had been lying or even exaggerating, it would have been bad. That she told the absolute truth made it devastating to Rebecca. She’d never been so mortified.

“Please,” Rebecca pleaded, “I’ve got nothing left to show you. Let me go. Please!”

“Cum for us, baby,” the guy said. “You know you want to.”

That was the problem. She did. She’d never wanted to cum so badly in her life. But she simply could not do that while people were watching. She never even did that when there was a tiny chance she might be heard.

Being seen while … God! It was inconceivable.

But the guy had ordered her to, right? She had to do what he said, right?

Keeping one hand plastered across her face, the other drifted down her body.

Rebecca tried to stop the offending hand, but she couldn’t. It had a will of its own, and, now that the prospect of the achieving the release she so badly needed had been raised, it would not be dissuaded from its task.

She couldn’t even imagine how debasing committing such an act in public would be. Her mind couldn’t process the magnitude of how shameful she’d feel.

Her body didn’t care, though. Her body craved an orgasm. Her body was going to get an orgasm.

The hand reached the end of its journey. Fingers found her clit. She moaned.

“Oh. My. God!” one of the girls squealed. “I can't believe any woman would do that in front of us! What a slut!”

A dreamlike state enveloped Rebecca. This wasn’t really happening. She wasn’t about to get herself off in front of a crowd of people.

She knew that it wasn’t happening because, it if she orgasmed in public, she’d never be able to face herself in the mirror again.

Her fingers entered her hot, wet hole, and it felt so, so good. She panted and moaned as the hand thrust back and forth.

It was happening. She was about to cum.

She had to stop herself. She willed her fingers to cease, but they didn’t. They kept going and going and going.

Tears welled in her eyes. Nothing her mind did would make the fingers stop. They kept rubbing, and she kept moaning. Sweet, sweet release was so, so close.

**Chapter 9**

“Oh God!” Jules said from inside the car. “Look at what they're doing, making her show them simply everything as they point their phones at her. Why doesn’t she run out?”

“Must be something wrong with the door,” Carly said.

“That sucks! She must be dying of shame. I feel so bad for her.”

“Yeah, right,” Carly said.

“What do you mean? Of course I feel bad for her. I just wish there was something I could do.”

“Look at your nipples. If they were any harder, they'd literally poke a hole through your bra. You're juicing major.”

“I am not! The AC is just a little chilly,” Jules said. “That's all.”

“Really? Want to make a bet?”

“I have literally no motivation to do that.”

“Really? Cause I know how she can escape. If you’re serious about wanting help her …” Carly shrugged.

“You’ll tell me if I win?” Jules swallowed. “What if I … lose?”

“I’ll lay the knowledge on you whether you win or lose, as long as you play.”

“What do I have to do?” Jules asked.

“Show me your panties. If there ain’t a huge wet spot, you win. Simple.”

“And if there is one?” Jules was turned on big time, so this bet was a ridiculous idea. She couldn’t just let the girl they’d picked up continue to be accosted by that crowd, though. Who knew what would happen?

“You give me your skirt and boots.”

Jules squirmed at the thought. With no real prospect of getting her shirt back from the guy who'd taken it inside the restaurant, she was already down to just her lacy bra covering her boobs. She'd feel awfully exposed giving up more of her clothes.

She shuddered. Really exposed. And really excited.

“Either way, you tell me how to help her?” Jules asked.

“Swear to God.”

“Fine.” Jules lifted her butt off the seat in order to get her skirt up to her waist in back. Then, after sitting once again, hiked the front up as well, revealing her panties.

Carly flipped on the interior light, and Jules glanced down. As she’d expected and feared, there was a huge wet spot.

“Someone's happy to see me ... or to watch that girl showing herself off,” Carly said.

Jules flushed. She was creaming so badly. Betting her outer clothes had been the only way to help the girl, though.

At least, that was what she told herself.

Feeling humiliated and even more turned on, she unzipped the skirt and slid it over her butt and down her legs. Her boots and socks followed. “There.”

“Hand them over,” Carly said.

“But ...”

“That was the deal. You give me the skirt and boots.”

“Fine.” Jules handed the clothes over, knowing she wasn't going to be getting them back anytime soon. She shuddered as she wondered what more Carly had in store for her. “Tell me how to help her.”

“That door don’t open from the inside, only from out. Run over, pop it open, pull her out, and close it behind you. There’ll be plenty of time for you to get away.”

“I can't do that!” Jules said. “I'm practically naked.”

Carly smirked. “That girl is showing off everything she got. A dozen people are staring at every part of her. Taking videos even. If you don't want to help her, though ...”

Jules considered. She didn't really know the girl, not even her name, and certainly didn't owe her anything. But she also couldn't just leave her hanging.

Man, what to do? What to do?

Underwear wasn’t that much different than a bikini, right? All the important stuff was still covered.

Jules would never even consider going into The Big Burger Bun wearing just a tiny swimsuit, though. Unless, maybe, if her boyfriend wanted her to. They’d done some stuff like that in a more private area, and the results had been …

She cleared her throat as she came to a decision.

After taking a steadying breath, she opened the door and stepped out into the parking lot, feeling incredibly vulnerable and awkward standing in a public place wearing so little. She'd die if anyone she knew saw her, especially if they happened to notice how turned on she was.

God! She couldn’t believe she was about to face a bunch of people while undressed like this. After throwing one hand up to cover her face, she rushed toward the door.

**Chapter 10**

Rebecca was close to cumming. Really, really close. So close that all thoughts of humiliation and debasement and how she couldn’t possibly do … that … in front of people had gone away, replaced by her overwhelming need to finish.

She thrust her fingers hard in and out of her pussy, moaning in time with the rhythm of the movement.

Suddenly, the door in front of her burst open.

Jules, with one hand covering her face and, for some reason, wearing only her underwear, took one step inside.

“Come on!” she yelled. “We’ve got to go!”

Rebecca was way too close to achieving what was, at that particular point in time, her sole ambition in life – an orgasm. She didn’t respond, just kept pumping her fingers and moaning.

“Did you hear me?” Jules asked. “We’ve got to go!”

“No! I’m too close. Please!”

Rebecca heard snickers at that from behind her, but she didn’t care. As long as she got release, nothing else mattered.

Jules grabbed Rebecca by the upper arm of the hand currently frigging her pussy and tugged, pulling the fingers free. The cessation of the pleasure being produced by those fingers filled her with an intense sense of longing.

That feeling lasted only an instant, though.

Jules had the door open. Rebecca didn’t have to orgasm in front of all these people. Sure, some part of her really, really still wanted to, but she now had a real choice.

“Come on!” Jules yelled.

That spurred Rebecca to action. She took off after the pretty blond, and they slammed the door behind them as soon as they were outside.

She expected Jules to keep running, to put as much distance between them and the people in the restaurant as possible.

Instead, Jules stumbled to a halt. “Oh shit!”

Rebecca was still dazed and frustrated from being denied her orgasm. She had no idea what was happening. “What?”

Jules pointed to a vehicle pulling out of the parking lot. “That's Carly.”

**Chapter 11**

Rebecca's heart leapt into her throat. She was outside in a very public place, miles from home, with no way to get back. And, oh yeah, she was completely naked.

Her new friend, Jules, wasn't in much better shape, wearing only her bra and panties. Sure, those covered her most vital parts, but she wasn't exactly dressed enough to be in public.

“What are we going to do?” Rebecca asked, pleading, hoping the pretty blond had an idea.

“Those people inside the restaurant are going to give up trying to get through that door pretty darn quick. They’ll soon realize they can get out on the other side of the building. We better make a run for it.”

Rebecca looked around. The nearest building across the parking lot was one of the big chain drug stores, DWT. It was closed, but going around the back would at least offer them cover. She pointed to it. “"Over there!”

With her hands clasped tightly over her jiggling boobs, she took off, trying not to think about what her big ass and stomach would look like to anyone who saw her.

Jules, being taller and in much better shape, could have easily ran ahead. Instead, she stayed right at Rebecca's side.

Both were winded by the time they reached the relative safety of the backside of the building.

“Thanks,” Rebecca said, her breasts heaving.

“For what?”

“For saving me back there. For staying with me.” Her eyes teared. “I don't know what I would have done if ...”

“Hey,” Jules said. “None of that. We're fine. You're fine. We'll get out of this somehow.”

“Do you think Carly will come back for us?”

“I don't think we can count on that.”

“Aren’t you two friends?” Rebecca asked.

“Not really. She’s my boyfriend’s sister, and she’s never really liked me. He’s out of town, and I was trying to do some bonding with the person I hope will become my sister in law in the future, you know?”

Ouch. Yeah, they really couldn't count on Carly to come back.

Rebecca felt like she was going to throw up. This was really happening. She was one hundred percent butt naked and stuck miles from home. So many bad things could happen to her.

“Hey, calm down,” Jules said. “We'll get through this, I swear. A few months from now, it’ll be just a cool story to tell your friends in college.”

“How can you say that?”

“Because this town is tiny and very safe. And very accepting. I work at the theater with John – that’s my boyfriend – and, several months ago, one of his friends brought his girlfriend in to watch a movie completely naked. It was so freaking hot!”

Rebecca's jaw dropped. People actually did stuff like that?

“After they left, John and I tried watched the same flick with me like that ... just wow. Some of the best sex we'd had to that point.”

“Hey!” came a shout from far away. “Let's look behind the drugstore!”

“Crap!” Rebecca said. “We've got to do something!”

“Look. There’s a car parked back here. The store hasn’t been closed long. Maybe there’s someone still there?”

Rebecca tensed. If so, that was someone else that would see her naked. If there was any chance of her escaping the crowd from before, though …

“Fine,” she said. “Let's knock on the back door.”

Jules was already halfway to the door before the words had dissipated in the air. Worried that they hadn’t been able to think of a better plan, Rebecca followed.

As the shouts beyond the building grew louder, Jules rapped hard on the door. Nothing happened. She knocked again. And again. They waited for what seemed like forever with no response.

“We need to run,” Rebecca said. “Those people from the restaurant have to be close.”

“Just a second. I thought I heard something inside.”

Jules was right because the door cracked open. Rebecca let out an “eek” and flattened herself against the building out of view.

“We're closed,” a guy’s voice said.

“My friend and I need help,” Jules said. “We're kind of experiencing a lack of adequate clothing situation.”

The door opened wider. “What do you want from me? I can't give you anything from the store or even sell you anything.”

“Just let us in so we can hide,” Jules said. “Some people are after us.”

“Let me see your friend.”

Jules motioned to Rebecca, who shook her head. Jules motioned more emphatically.

Rebecca felt like she was near tears again. They had to get inside that building, and, to do that, she was going to have to let someone else know that she was running around completely naked. Yet another guy was going to see her covered only by her arms.

Suppressing a whimper and with her hands clenched tightly to her body, Rebecca stepped in front of the door.

“You weren’t lying,” the guy said, “definitely suffering from a lack of clothing.”

“So?” Jules asked. “We don't have a lot of time.”

“Hmm,” the guy said. “What do I get out of it?”

Jules narrowed her eyes. “Excuse me?”

“Not that!” the guy said quickly. “I promise I won't touch you or your friend, but I could get fired if my boss finds out I let any non-employee into the building after hours. I know it isn’t much, but I need this job. Why should I take the risk?”

“What do you want?” Jules asked.

“I’ll hide you inside for as long as it takes for whoever is chasing you to go away,” he said.

That sounded good to Rebecca. She was so scared and tense. Safety, even for a little while, would be so wonderful. Maybe she could even find a private spot to finish what she’s started inside the restaurant.

That sounded really good to her.

“Again,” Jules said, “what do you want in return?”

“Your underwear,” he said, “and the promise that both of you won’t cover up at all.”

Voices sounded from just the other side of the building, so close that any attempt at running away was sure to be a failure. There was no place to hide. If they didn’t hurry, the crowd would catch them.

“Come on!” someone shouted. “Run faster!”

Rebecca really wanted to cry.

The choice was either to let this one perv get all the show he wanted inside a building where who knew what could happen or to be again subjected to the demands of the audience who was so intent on her complete humiliation.

**Chapter 12**

Rebecca froze. The situation was too overwhelming for her. There was no way should could make a decision.

Jules reached around her back and unlatched the bra. She quickly shrugged it off her shoulders and slipped off her panties and then held them out to the guy. “Deal.”

Rebecca looked at Jules like she was crazy. Who would just strip willingly like that? Why would she do that?

“Nice. Very nice,” the guy said. “Now I just need your friend to drop her hands.”

“You can’t be serious,” Rebecca said.

The voices grew louder. They had to be just the other side of the building by now.

“C'mon, I'm naked,” Jules said.

Yeah and whose fault was that? But Jules was trying to get them out of this situation, and being inside out of sight of everyone but this one guy was better than the crowd seeing them again.

“Fine.” Rebecca dropped her hands, revealing her large breasts and glistening slit to the guy.

“Come on in.” The guy stepped aside.

First Jules and then Rebecca rushed in the back of the store. He hurriedly closed the door behind them, and they all waited silently for a few minutes, dreading a knock that would indicate the crowd knew where they were.

Instead, the voices got louder – closer – before fading.

Rebecca let out a long, slow breath. Finally, something had gone her way. They’d escaped the crowd.

She looked around. They were in the back of a large storage area, holding boxes and pallets of all kinds.

“I’m Steven,” the guy said. “As long as you stay right here, you can hide out as long as you want or until I leave in a couple of hours. If you decide to go before then, yell for me, and I’ll come back to unlock the door, okay?”

Jules nodded, and Steven turned to go about his business, apparently uncaring that there were two completely naked girls present.

“What do you make of him?” Rebecca asked.

“He’s a little weird, but I know his family. He’s harmless.”

That didn’t make Rebecca feel any better. They lived in a small town. Even if she didn’t happen to know any of the people she’d seen so far tonight, it was an absolute certainty that friends of hers did know them. It wouldn’t take much for everyone to find out that the streaker at The Big Burger Bun was her.

The thought of everyone looking at the videos those people had taken made her nervous as hell. The thought that people might watch it knowing it was her made her shudder, which reminded her vividly of exactly how close she’d come to orgasm such a short time ago.

“I need the restroom,” she said.

“I think I see one right over there,” Jules said with a smirk.

Rebecca hated that the pretty blonde knew exactly what she needed the restroom for but that wasn’t enough to stop her from doing it anyway. Her need was too great. She rushed over to the room and closed and locked the door behind her.

After doing her business –she hadn’t been one hundred percent fibbing – she took a moment to reflect on all that had happened to her tonight. So many people had seen her completely naked – her tits, her shaved mound, her ass, everything. The people in the restaurant had really seen everything.

The way they’d referred to her, the comments they’d made – it was so humiliating.

God! She was getting so hot just thinking about it. Her fingers found her hot clit. She moaned at her first tentative rubs. It wasn’t going to take long.

When she could be sure she had complete privacy like when both her parents and her brother weren’t in the house, she occasionally masturbated and, in general, liked the feel of it. Never before had she felt such need, though. It was like she’d magnetized her pussy while performing for those people. Her fingers were drawn inexorably toward it, and she was pretty sure that attraction wouldn’t go away until she achieved release.

She gasped as her fingers found her hole.

In and out. In and out. In and out.

Pumping those fingers gave her such massive pleasure. It was all she could do to stifle her moans. She was pretty sure that, by the time she came, she wasn’t going to be able to choke her screams down enough to avoid being heard, but she was beyond caring.

At that moment, she would have traded her ability to wear any clothes at all for the rest of her life for that one massive orgasm that was building in her.

Boom!

Someone knocked on the door.

Boom!

“Get out of there!” Steven yelled. “I told you to stay put!”

“Just a minute,” Rebecca called back breathlessly. “I’m almost done.”

She thrust her fingers frantically inside her, trying to force herself to finish quickly.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

God! The guy wasn’t going to relent, and it was distracting her from what she needed so badly.

“Get out here now or I’m calling the police!” he shouted

He sounded serious. Really serious.

“Fine! Just a second!” With the greatest of reluctance, I abandoned my attempts to get myself off. After the quickest wipe up and handwashing in my history, I pulled the door open.

His phone was to his ear. When he saw me, he quickly hit the red “End” button. “What were you doing? I told you to stay put?”

“I had to use the facilities,” I said. “I didn’t think you’d mind.”

“See those?” He pointed to two different locations. At each one was a small glass globe sticking out of the ceiling. “Video cameras. The one on the back door doesn’t work, but, since you moved, you’re on tape.”

Oh God! No! I’d done nothing to hide my face. He’d make copies. It would get out. My life would be totally ruined.

“Please erase it. Please. I’ll do anything.” She looked over at Jules. “We’ll do anything.”

**Chapter 13**

Rebecca had never been so scared in her life. She and her new acquaintance, Jules, were both completely naked in the back storeroom of a DWT Drugstore and the weird guy, Steven, who had allowed her to hide there, had just told her that he now had her nude body on tape.

She’d also never been more aroused in her life. Twice tonight she’d fingered herself so very close to cumming, and, both times, she’d been interrupted before she could finish. With the shock of finding out that her naked body and face had been captured on video, some of that feeling had gone away, but not nearly all of it.

“You’ll do anything to get that erased?” he asked.

“Can you do it?” Jules called, not moving from her safe spot by the door.

She, at least, wouldn’t be on camera.

“I can, but it’ll be a pain in the butt.” His phone rang, and he took it out of his pocket and ended the call without even looking at it, too intent at staring at all the naked flesh on display.

“I don’t mean anything anything,” Rebecca said.

He held his hands up. “We agreed on no touching. I’ll still good with that.”

She let out a relieved breath. “Did you … Did you have something in mind?”

“There are a couple of things that I’d like a lot. Hold up a second.” He spun and hustled off toward the front of the storeroom.

Rebecca decided she’d be better off getting out of the camera’s view. She went over to stand by Jules. Steven returned a moment later with several items in concealed in the closed palm of his hand.

“I have to admit that your offer intrigues me,” he said. “There’s some stuff I’ve seen on the internet but never dreamed I’d get the opportunity to see in person. If you’d … Well, we’d definitely be even. I’d even be willing to throw in a ride when my shift is over as long as you’re not going too far out of my way.”

God! None of that first part sounded promising. Rebecca didn’t even want to know what perverted things he had in mind.

Jules sighed. “What exactly are these … things … that you’re into?”

He opened his fist and revealed two zip ties and a small white plastic cylinder. Rebecca had no idea either what the ties were for or what the cylinder was.

“No way I’m letting you tie us up,” Jules said. “It’s too dangerous. You could do anything to us.”

“It’s just to secure your hands behind your back,” he said. “Your legs will be totally free, and you won’t be tied to anything.”

Rebecca shivered. He wanted to zip tie her hands behind her back? Why?

“Not going to happen,” Jules said. “Just no.”

He shrugged. “Well, I guess I’ll always have the video, then.”

Rebecca’s eyes widened. “Jules, please. There’s got to be a way. Please!”

“Do you understand how vulnerable we’d be if he decided to do anything creepy?”

“I’ve worked here for forever,” he said. “I’m pretty identifiable. If I did anything wrong, you could go to the cops. Believe me, I have no desire to go to jail.”

“Unless you’re a serial killer and decided to just get rid of us!”

“You could take a picture of my license with my phone and text it to someone,” he said. “As soon as it goes through, there’s no way I could do anything to you and escape being identified.”

“What do you think?” Rebecca asked. “That sounds like a good plan, right?”

Jules sighed again. “I guess I could text my boyfriend the picture of your ID and tell him you’re giving me and a friend a ride or something. I still don’t like this, though, and you haven’t told us what you want us to do with the vibe.”

Vibe? Vibrator? Oh God!

“Right before I do up her hands, she puts it up her … you know.” He gestured toward Rebecca. “I just want to watch.”

Jules smirked. “Well, miss doesn’t want to be a video star, what do you say to that?”

If there was one thing that Rebecca had absolutely no desire to do, it was cum in front of anyone, much less a creep and a girl she barely knew. She did, however, very much want to cum. She’d been so, so close before. And, back in the restaurant, she’d fingered herself in front of a crowd. She told herself this wasn’t any different.

“If it gets him to erase the tape and give us a ride, fine.”

Steven grinned like it was his birthday and Christmas all rolled up into one. He and Jules got the texting thing out of the way, and he secured her hands behind her. Then, he handed the vibe to Rebecca, telling her to twist the flat end to turn it on.

Rebecca could not believe what she was about to do. Before this awful night started, no one had ever even seen her boobs. Now, she was about to let herself be tied up while a vibrator made her have an orgasm, all while two people watched.

She couldn’t think of anything more humiliating, but she had no choice.

Acutely aware of both sets of eyes on her, she switched the device on and nearly dropped it as it started buzzing in her hand. Trying hard not to look at the people staring at her, she reached down and used the fingers of her opposite hand to spread herself open. She was so wet that the vibe slid right on up inside her without any problems.

“Hands behind your back, please,” Steven said gleefully and closed the zip tie tightly around both her wrists, securing them together.

It was the strangest situation she’d ever been in. Even if she wanted to cover herself, she physically couldn’t. She was so vulnerable, almost helpless, and, deep inside her, the vibe was working furiously. Sensations built fast.

The only saving grace in the whole thing was that it would all be over with soon. She’d cum. He’d untie them. And they’d wait around until time for him to get off work.

Rebecca closed her eyes, imagining that she was alone in her room in complete privacy anticipating the biggest and best orgasm of her entire life.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Loud banging came from the front of the building. Her eyes popped open, the pressure steadily building inside her pushed way down her list of priorities.

Without a word, Steven hustled toward the noise. A second later, he returned, breathless from his short sprint. “It’s the … It’s the … police!”

**Chapter 14**

Rebecca’s heart thudded in her chest. Each beat felt like a sledgehammer assaulting her insides.

There was only one explanation she could think of for the police knocking on the drugstore’s door. She’d streaked the restaurant and the parking lot. Going naked was against the law. Someone had called the cops.

She was going to jail!

“Hide me, please!” she cried. “I’ll do anything. Literally anything.”

This time, she meant it, too. If her first time having sex had to be with this guy, it would be worth it if it kept her out of jail.

“You have to get out of here!” Steven said.

“What? No!” Rebecca said. “Please don’t. I don’t want to be arrested.”

“They’re not here for you two.” He pulled out his phone. “When you wouldn’t come out of the restroom, I called 911. I hung up immediately, but it was too late. And I didn’t answer when they tried to call back; I didn’t realize who it was. They’re here to see why I called.”

“You’re going to turn us in?” Jules said. “I swear I will get you fired, man!”

“No! Of course not,” he said. “I’ll tell them it was a butt dial. It happened to coworker one night. It’ll be totally cool, but they’re going to want to take a look around.”

Jules narrowed her eyes. “You promised us a ride!”

“We don’t have time for this! If I don’t go open that front door soon, they’ll bust it down. Then I’ll really be in trouble. We all will.”

“We’ll hide by your car,” Jules said. “You can let us back in when they leave.”

He put both his hands to his head and literally pulled on his hair. “They’ll probably want to check outside, too. You’ve got to get away from here.”

“No way, man,” Jules said. “You promised.”

“Look, get to the back of the shopping center,” he said. “There’s a dumpster. Go down the hill right behind that. You’ll be completely hidden from view. I get off in an hour and a half. I’ll pick you up there.”

As Jules and Steven had been arguing, the vibrator was working its magic in Rebecca’s pussy. She was barely even able to concentrate on what they were saying. At that moment, she didn’t care about getting a ride home. She didn’t care about not getting arrested. All she cared about was the massive orgasm that was building in her.

He opened the back door and peeked out. “Coast is clear.”

God! Rebecca hadn’t even thought about the people from the restaurant. They could still be out there. Being caught by them was better than being caught by the police, though. She needed to run. Soon.

She just needed to take care of one little thing first. She was so close.

“J-Just a … J-ust a m-minute,” she said.

“You don’t have a minute.” Steven grabbed her arm and tugged.

She was so, so very close, so close in fact that she could barely think coherently. When he pulled, she struggled to her feet despite her tremendous need to finish.

“Go!” he yelled.

“Wait!” Jules said. “Untie us.”

He patted down his pants pocket. “I don’t have the box cutter.”

“Go get it, then!” Jules yelled.

“It’ll take too long to find.”

“I don’t care!”

“You should,” Steven said. “If the cops bust in here and find you, both of you are going to be arrested, and I’ll be fired. Is that what you want?”

Jules shook her head.

“I’m serious,” he said. “You have to leave. Now.”

“Fine,” she said with a huff. “But, if you don’t meet us and give us a ride, I swear to God that my boyfriend will find you and mess you up. I swear it!”

“I’ll be there. I promise. Now go!”

Rebecca had taken the time that they argued to find a position where the vibe was working really well. She felt the pressure building to a climax.

Almost there …

Almost there …

Almost there …

Something pushed at her from behind. Her legs moved. Jules was already outside. Rebecca was heading that direction. Her feet found the rough concrete. The door slammed behind her.

She was out in the open night air again, still completely naked. Worse, her hands were now securely bound behind her back, as were her equally naked companion’s. Policemen or the crowd from the restaurant could come around the building’s corner and spot them at any time. They wouldn’t be able to hide their faces or any other part of themselves.

As if all that wasn’t bad enough, she noticed something truly, truly horrible.

“No!” she yelled.

“What?” Jules asked. “What’s wrong?”

“The vibrator. It fell out. Inside the store.”

**Chapter 15**

Rebecca banged her head against the door, hoping against hope that Steven would relent and let her back inside. She wanted that vibrator. She needed that vibrator.

She was even willing to let him do the insertion.

“Stop that!” Jules yelled.

“Please. I need it.”

“Girl, if you don’t stop that this instant, I’m running off without you. I’m not getting arrested because you’re too horny to think straight.”

Rebecca banged her head again, and, true to her word, Jules took off running, her small breasts and ass jiggling with each step. Rebecca had never been attracted to a girl before, but, in her current state of heightened arousal, everything seemed to make her hornier.

In fact, the only thing that she didn’t find exciting was the prospect of being left alone. Being naked outside and not knowing how she was going to get home considering how many miles away she was and having her hands bound behind her was bad enough. To be in that situation without Jules seemed like such a worse thing.

It was such a bad thought that Rebecca finally stopped pounding on the door and took off after the other naked girl.

The strip mall – She couldn’t help but grimace at that term. She and Jules were lending a whole new meaning to the strip part. – consisted mainly of a long row of stores set back quite some distance from the main road. Four businesses were spread out along the front with the drugstore anchoring one end. It was a long, long way between it and the stores further back – probably a hundred yards or more of completely open parking lot, all visible from all the other stores and the main road. The entire parking was lit, if dimly, by fluorescent lights.

Jules crouched down at the front of Steven’s car, the last bit of cover they’d have for that long, long distance.

Rebecca, already winded from the short jog, sank down to her knees right beside the other girl. “Are we really going to go all that way out in the open?”

She didn’t even want to think about the view anyone watching would be getting – her massive breasts undulating wildly, her ass jogging up and down, her flab shaking every which way.

“I don’t think we have any other choice,” Jules said.

That was exactly the thinking that had taken Rebecca from relaxing under the shower in her parents’ house to running around the parking lot of a strip mall completely butt naked with her hands bound behind her. Try as she might, though, she couldn’t think of another option. The police or the crowd from the restaurant could discover them at any minute. Ahead lay a very dangerous journey but, at the end, was, hopefully, safety.

All they had to do was make it across a large expanse. Once they reached the building, the shadows would conceal them as they made their way to the back, and, once there, they could hide out of sight until their ride got there.

If, you know, Steven actually did as he’d promised and showed up.

She shuddered at the thought. If he didn’t, she … and Jules … were pretty much screwed. All they could do was hope he followed through on his word.

Rebecca looked back and forth. As far as she could tell, there was no one around. Even traffic on the main road was dying down as time ticked further into the night.

“I guess we should go, then,” she said, even though she really, really didn’t want to move.

“I guess so.”

Neither girl moved, though. Instead, they just crouched there, listening.

“Let’s go, then,” Jules said.

Rebecca didn’t respond, and, again, neither girl took so much as a step forward.

“I’m really going this time,” Jules said.

“Uh huh.”

Jules took a deep breath, keeping her profile bent and low, crept forward. Rebecca’s eyes were drawn to the other girl’s retreating backside. Even though the light was dim, she could see simply everything.

God! How many people had views almost exactly like that, though with her legs spread wider and the area better lit, on video?

A surge of arousal shot through her. She would have given just about anything for an orgasm. Her hands strained against the zip tie, trying to get her fingers into a position where they would do her some good. It was no use, though. She simply couldn’t reach.

She chastised herself. There was no time for that now, anyway. Her priorities were to get out of sight and then to get home, not to get off.

As she’d been trying to reach her private parts and staring at the view of the same area on her pretty companion, Jules had been getting further and further away. Crouching, Rebecca hurried to catch up. The grass of the median separating the drugstore’s area from the larger parking lot tickled her feet as she ran.

When she stepped off the curb onto the pavement, a rock stung her foot. When she took a step, another one did the same.

“Ouch!”

The area around the DWT had been much smoother with no debris. They probably had it swept or something on a regular basis. Apparently, the strip mall didn’t.

Jules looked back. “Don’t go barefoot much, huh?”

“No. Bare back, bare breasts, nor bare anything else, either.”

Jules laughed. “At least you’re keeping a sense of humor about it. Be careful. I think there’s glass over there.” She pointed to the right.

Great. Just great. If there was a little glass, there was probably more. Slicing open her foot would be just the perfect completion to her night.

Jules slowed down to accommodate the slower pace and kept a beeline to the edge of the store at the closest end of the mall. Rebecca trudged after her, wincing each time the bottom of one of her feet touched the rough concrete.

Suddenly, as they reached about the three quarter mark on their way across the wide open space, twin beams of light swept across the parking lot. Headlights.

The glare highlighted Jules first. The pale flesh of her ass glowed, standing out from the rest of her tanned skin.

Then the light passed over Rebecca. She winced at what she must have looked like. Since all her flesh was white, she must have stood out like a glow stick in a dark cave.

She glanced back. The lights came from the police car, which was pulling around back of the drugstore. As she watched, horrified, the vehicle sped up, its tires squealing.

“Jules!” she yelled. “The cops. They’ve spotted us!”

**Chapter 16**

Rebecca froze. She was naked outside in full public view with her hands bound behind her back. A police car had spotted her and her companion and was surely heading toward her.

They’d be arrested. Thrown into jail. Booking photos would be taken of their naked bodies. Blurred versions would be sent to the local paper. They’d be laughing stocks.

Her conservative parents would find out. They’d stop paying for college. She’d be disowned.

Life as she knew it would end.

“Run!” Jules yelled.

Her shout broke the spell Rebecca had been under. She ran toward the far corner of the store, her legs pumping furiously.

The cop car had to circle around the front DWT to make it to the road leading to the main parking lot. To do so, it actually had to head in the opposite direction from her and Jules, meaning they’d be completely out of sight for a little while. If they could just make it to the corner of the strip mall in that short time, it wasn’t all that much further to the back of the building. All they had to do was make it to the ditch before the police car figured out where they went, and, maybe, they could hide.

That was a lot of ifs and maybes, but some chance was better than nothing.

Rebecca had never realized how much pumping arms added to her ability to run. With her hands bound behind her, her motion felt awkward, off balance, and the whole situation was dangerous. If she tripped, there was no way to catch herself. She’d faceplant on the rough concrete.

There was absolutely no choice, though. Anything at all was better than being arrested.

She sprinted as if her life depended on it. The tender soles of her feet pounded against the pavement, somehow seeming to find a new rock or bottle cap or something with each step. Her boobs bounced wildly, swinging up to literally hit her in the face before flopping back down against her stomach. Likewise, her flabby stomach and thighs jiggled like jello in an earthquake.

If anyone saw her body moving around like that, she just knew she’d die.

Her fear had given granted her a fleetness of foot that she’d never before achieved. She matched the taller and in much better shape Jules stride for stride, and they soon made the small jump up to the sidewalk in front of the corner store. Another few galloping steps brought them to the other side of the wall, putting a foot of brick between them and the cop car, and all before the headlights had swung around to find them again.

They still weren’t out of danger yet, though. A car was a lot faster than two girls on foot, especially bare feet and especially especially naked girls with their hands bound behind them and bits flouncing about in all directions. If the officers decided to accelerate quickly to check the far side of the building, the girls would never get out of sight in time. Their only chance was if the car slowed to check every nook and cranny along the front first.

Hoping against hope that that would be the case, Rebecca sprinted full speed toward the back of the building, not even sparing a glance back. To do so would only slow her.

Yard after yard churned under her feet. The back was in sight. Twenty yards. Ten. Five.

Shadows stretched across a lane separated the building from a drainage ditch. Rebecca had never been so grateful for darkness in her life as when she slipped into the blessed shelter it provided.

She kept running, though, as did Jules. Not far to true safety, now. The ditch would provide the first bit of true protection they’d have since being kicked out of the drugstore. They might even be able to reach the woods beyond. The police would never be able to catch them then, or, at least, she couldn’t imagine that it would be worth their effort to do so, not just for two streaking girls.

Rebecca allowed herself to believe she’d make it. She was so close. Not far. Not far at all.

Suddenly, a beam of light swung past her from behind, illuminating her pale, nude body for a moment.

No. Not now. Not when she was so close to getting away.

She didn’t know what to do. One didn’t run from the police, not when they had you dead to rights. That just made things worse. Added resisting arrest to the charges.

Without any idea what else she could do, she halted. That, after all, what one did right before one was arrested.

**Chapter 17**

Rebecca shut her eyes, not believing that the simple act of taking out the trash had led her to this moment. She was outside behind a very public shopping center with her hands zip-tied behind her back and her body completely, one hundred percent naked. Not a single square inch of her skin was covered by even a little bit of cloth. Even the plastic binding her wrists together was mostly transparent.

She and her new acquaintance, Jules, had been spotted streaking across a parking lot by the occupants of a police car, and, though they’d been so, so close to making it to safety, lights sweeping pasts Rebecca’s pale butt cheeks told her that she hadn’t quite made it.

She tensed, tears forming in her eyes as she awaited her fate.

“Girl!” Jules yelled! “What the crap are you doing? Hurry!”

What?

Rebecca opened her eyes and glanced back. The headlights had come from a car in a far away parking lot, not from the patrol vehicle. She still had time. She still might make it.

Her head darted back to the area in front of her. A large dumpster was to the left, and, directly in front of her, Jules was standing at the top of a hill that descended into darkness. If Rebecca could just reach it and climb down, she’d be safe.

Wishing she could pump her arms to increase her speed, she accelerated as fast as her thick, stubby legs could carry her, making her large breasts wobble uncomfortably. She cared not about the irritation caused by her unfettered boobs or the pain impacting her bare feet with each step or the sight her nude flesh bouncing like a bowl full of Jello created, though. All she wanted was to be out of sight, to not be arrested.

“Hurry!” Jules shouted.

“I’m going as fast as I can!”

To be fair to the blonde girl, Rebecca possessed much more inertia than did the taller, lighter girl. It took a bit to get her larger body moving from a start at rest. Once she got up to full speed, though, her feet flew over the pavement. She hopped over the curb and landed in the grass.

“C’mon,” Jules said. “But be careful!”

The hill was pretty steep, and the thick grass covering it was more than a little slick. Considering that the bottom was buried in deep shadow, Rebecca couldn’t even tell how far down it went. A fall might be disastrous.

The fact that she couldn’t use her hands and arms to balance herself at all made her descent even that much more treacherous. She slipped and almost fell backward. Given that that would have left half her body fully visible from the pavement while she struggled to get back up, it would have been disastrous. The police, who surely weren’t far behind by now, would definitely have caught her.

She was forced to drastically slow her pace, carefully placing one foot in front of the other. Being much more athletically inclined, Jules scampered quickly ahead.

The extreme slope did have one benefit, though. Each step forward lowered Rebecca quite a bit. All she had to do was get a little further down the hill, and she’d be fully hidden.

One step. Two. Three.

Not far now. Her head was almost even with the surrounding surface.

A light swept past her, illuminating the treetops of the wooded area beyond the drainage ditch.

Rebecca let herself fall on her ass, sliding several feet more downward in the slippery grass and lowering her head well below the top of the rise.

The headlights were obviously much closer this time than last, and she was positive that it wasn’t a false alarm. Red and blue flashing flooded the area above her, proving her conclusion to be correct.

The police had arrived.

She held her breath. With any luck, the officers hadn’t seen her and would simply pass by. She hoped beyond hope that the car would just keep going.

Instead, it screeched to a stop, tires crunching loose gravel. Two car doors opened. And closed. Two flashlight beams swept back and forth over where Rebecca had begun her descent.

She’d been seen. That was the only explanation. Otherwise, they wouldn’t know exactly where to look or even to look down the hillside at all.

This time, there was no mistake. The officers were coming. They’d shine their light down the hill and see her. She’d be arrested. The story would rip through the town like a wild fire. Everyone would put two and two together and know that she was the naked girl who was featured in the videos from The Big Burger Bun.

She’d be a laughingstock. Forget going to the university an hour away. Forget going to any college in the entire country, in the entire hemisphere. She’d have to find an institution somewhere that the internet didn’t reach to escape the ridicule sure to be heaped upon her.

Sobbing quietly, she hung her head as the flashlight beams drew closer and closer.

**Chapter 18**

Rebecca tensed as the police officers’ footsteps and their flashlight beams neared. She had only seconds of freedom left. In a moment, her pale, nude body would be illuminated. The cops would force her to rise and return to the top of the hill.

They’d see her, all of her. Then, they’d arrest her for indecent exposure. She’d be taken downtown. Processed. She wondered if she’d be allowed clothing for her booking photo.

Her parents were going to be so ashamed. She was so ashamed.

She had a hard time even imagining what it was going to feel like to be escorted into the police station wearing, at most, a blanket over her. Who knew, they might even make her do it in only her bare skin, all their fellow officers laughing and enjoying the show. Jeering at her.

Even worse than that momentary humiliation was the scorn that was sure to be heaped on her by the entire community, people who, despite her living in this town most of her life, she barely knew. The paper would probably even run a story about her escapades. It wasn’t like the reporters exactly had a lot of other stuff to write about.

The footsteps and lights neared the top of the hill. It wouldn’t be long until life as she knew it ended.

She swallowed a lump in her throat and tried to hold back tears. The attempt was unsuccessful as one trailed down her cheek, pooled on her jawline, and dropped to fall with a faint splash on her naked breast, highlighting just how exposed and vulnerable she was.

“Car 54,” a loud voice called from a radio. “Car 54. Where are you?”

“Shit,” one of the officers said. “That’s us.”

The footsteps halted, and the other officer reported their location and status to dispatch.

“Hit and run reported on Main Street,” the radio said. “Injuries reported. Ambulance en route.”

“We’re on it,” the second officer said.

Footsteps retreated from her rapidly, and two car doors opened and closed. An engine revved, and tires squealed as the car accelerated away.

Just like that, it was over. Rebecca was safe – for the moment, anyway. She was still nude with her hands bound behind her back by unbreakable plastic and miles from her parents’ house with no way to get home, though. She couldn’t help but wonder what fresh horrors the rest of her naked night held in store for her.

**Chapter 19**

Rebecca allowed herself to relax for a moment. She’d been through so much already – the dog stripping her naked by stealing her towel, Jules and Carly discovering her, being forced to streak The Big Burger Bun, having her most intimate areas videoed, masturbating for her tormentors’ pleasure, the DWT employee blackmailing her into putting a vibrator inside herself, almost cumming so many times but being denied, and, now, barely escaping arrest.

She was physically and emotionally drained.

Jules climbed up the hill and plopped down next to her. “Are you okay?”

“No, I’m not. I’m really, really not.”

The pretty blonde leaned in and laid her cheek against Rebecca’s shoulder, trying to lend what comfort she could. “I know. It’s okay. Why don’t you try to get some rest?”

“Rest? Are you crazy? The cops could come back at any time, and it’s not like we’re exactly safe here!”

“We’re safe enough for the moment, and there’s no reason to believe that the police will return,” Jules said. “After all, we could go anywhere in the time they’re gone.”

“Then, why don’t we? Trying to get home is better than just sitting here!”

“Steven swore to pick us up,” Jules said. “I know that he might not show, but I don’t know how we’re going to walk all the way back without being seen and arrested. Just the chance for a ride is so worth waiting. Besides, it can’t be much past ten, and there are still a lot of people out and about. Even if he doesn’t keep his promise, we’ll have a better chance of getting to where we’re going undetected if we wait a couple of hours for traffic to die down.”

Rebecca realized that Jules was right and stopped arguing.

“You’ve had a really rough night,” Jules said. “Why don’t you try to take a quick nap?”

“There’s no way I could go to sleep. Not out here. Not so … so …”

“I understand,” Jules said. “It wouldn’t hurt anything for you to just lay back and close your eyes, though. Right?”

“I … I guess not. But it won’t do any good.”

Rebecca laid back on the grass with a sigh. Though the green growth would probably make her skin itch big time, it was soft and comfortable for the moment, and, despite her being completely naked, the night air was warm enough that she was, temperature wise, pretty comfortable.

Maybe things would turn out okay. Maybe Steven would actually show up and, at the price of only a little more embarrassment of being seen naked by him again, they’d get a ride home. If not, maybe Carly would return and find them.

Yeah. Things would turn out okay or, at least, get better. They certainly couldn’t get any worse.

Rebecca closed her eyes.

**Chapter 20**

Carly watched the underwear clad Jules pull the naked fat girl from The Big Burger Bun and slam the door behind them, trapping the spectators inside – for the moment, anyway. The customers and employees who’d been videoing the girl could, and probably would, just go around the other side.

From the look on Jules’ face, she thought she’d pulled off her daring rescue. No embarrassing exposure for her. She’d pull Rebecca back to the car, and they’d all be on their merry way.

Carly grinned. As if. She stepped on the gas and accelerated rapidly out of the parking lot.

What an airheaded bitch! She couldn’t believe her brother was dating such a loser. And to expect her to make friends with the girl? Puh-lease.

She couldn’t just desert the two idiots, though, because he’d be ticked off as hell if she left Jules just hanging. No, Carly would have to treat this like a prank. Go away for a while and come back. Make it sound possible that she’d done it for the sake of harmless fun.

Now, she just had to think of something to do with her time.

The tingling coming from her nether regions gave her an idea, and she grinned. Not that she was into any freaky lesbian – or, more accurately, bi – shit like Jules seemed to be, but seeing that lard ass they’d picked up parading naked in front of all those people …

To be responsible for making someone go through that kind of humiliation just did something to Carly’s body. Then, to trick Jules into stripping to her underwear and exposing herself to those same people …

God! Carly definitely was going to need to change her panties before bed, and the sensations shooting up from down there were quickly turning into an itch that demanded scratching. Before returning to find the two dipshits, she decided that she’d take care of it.

After taking her time and grabbing a snack from a different nearby fast food joint, she wound up at a gas station not far away that was still open. She quickly filled up and went inside to make use of the facilities. No one else was inside the restroom, which suited her needs perfectly. After doing her business and wiping, her fingers found her wet clit.

She’d never been naked in front of a guy and never planned to be. Her body was rounder than the naked chick she’d picked up tonight and the excess flab hadn’t even settled in good places like the boobs and ass like it had with the other girl. Not many boys seemed interested in seeing her with her clothes on, and she assumed that they’d have even less enthusiasm for seeing what was underneath.

It was one reason she’d taken such an instant intense dislike to Jules. The blonde was just too damn pretty, way out of her brother’s league. Carly had no desire to even look at the girl as it prompted her to constantly compare the pretty girl’s looks to her own.

As she stroked herself, though, her mind turned to the fat girl. She imagined what the girl must have felt like inside that restaurant, and, as she rubbed, gradually her mind placed her in the girl’s position, with the group taking pictures of her as she showed off everything she had, them watching as she touched herself.

Carly moaned. This wasn’t something she’d ever considered before, certainly nothing she’d imagined doing. The thought of being forced into such a situation, however, really got her going.

She inserted her fingers inside herself and, sooner than was normal, she had to clamp down on her lips with her teeth to stifle a scream as an orgasm exploded through her.

When she recovered, she realized that she’d not only cum a lot faster that than she usually did in her bate sessions but a lot harder as well. This whole embarrassed exposure scenario was something she’d have to explore. Maybe there were stories online or something. Maybe even videos.

Even better was real life. Somewhere back at the strip mall, one very naked girl and one nearly naked girl were running around. It was time to go find them and see what further mischief she could get them into.

Carly hummed happily to herself as she washed up, returned to her car, and drove back to the parking lot. Just as she arrived, a police car with flashing lights hurtled from the shopping center. It passed in a rush, and she couldn’t tell if there was anyone in the back or not.

For the first time since all this started, she began to worry. Putting her brother’s girlfriend in danger while playing a prank on her was bad enough. Getting her arrested took things to an entirely different level.

John was going to kill her if that was what happened.

Carly pulled up Jules’ contact info and hit the button to dial. A sound rung out in her car, in the back seat. The stupid girl had left her phone in the pocket of her skirt!

WTF? Really? Who the ... went anywhere without a phone in this day and age?

Slowly, she circled The Big Burger Bun but saw no sign of the two underdressed girls. Looking around, she spotted the drugstore and thought it a likely place for them to hide. Driving around it yielded no results, either, though, and neither did making a quick circuit of the parking lot and front of the strip mall.

Jules and the fat girl must have already found a ride or they’d been arrested.

Carly sighed. Either way, there wasn’t exactly much she could do about it. With one last look at the empty pavement around her, she drove back to the main road and headed home.

**Chapter 21**

Rebecca woke with a start, not understanding for a moment where she was or how she got there. She appeared to be outside, laying in the grass. And she was naked! Her boobs and private parts were just out there for anyone to look at.

She tried to move her arms up to cover herself, but they appeared to be stuck. No amount of tugging would free them.

“Hey sleepyhead,” someone said.

She looked over to see a pretty blonde, just as naked as she was, laying right next to her, their bodies touching along their full length.

Jules.

The events of the traumatic evening came rushing back.

“How long was I out?”

“Not long,” Jules said. “I don’t exactly have a watch on, but I’d say less than a half hour. How are you feeling?”

Rebecca took stock of herself. She was still naked miles from home with her hands bound behind her, but she did feel … better. Not good by any stretch but better. She told her new friend that.

“Something has been bothering me as I waited for you to wake up,” Jules said.

“What is it?”

“I don’t recognize you, like at all. Are you new in town or something?”

“Actually,” Rebecca said, “I’ve lived here almost all of my life.”

“How is that possible? I mean, I don’t personally know every single person in the community, but the town’s not that big. Surely, I would have seen you somewhere around, but I haven’t. I don’t even know your name.”

“I’m Rebecca.”

“I’d shake your hand,” Jules said with a grin, “but …”

Rebecca couldn’t help but return the infectious smile before sighing. “You’ve probably heard of my brother, Danny. He’s a bit more outgoing than I am.”

“Oh … the homeschool kids. Now that you mention it, I think I do remember that he had a sister. Twins, right?”

“That’s us.”

“Okay,” Jules said, “so I get why I never saw you at school or anything, but I don’t remember seeing you at any of the festivals or out shopping or even at the theater.”

Rebecca shrugged, setting her large breasts jiggling. That made her uncomfortable even though there was only an equally unclad girl around to see it. “My first attempts at making friends in my neighborhood didn’t go very well, so I guess I just became a bit of a recluse. It’s okay, though. I like being alone. I read, like, all the time, a hundred books a year at least.”

She wished she was inside one of them right now. That way, she’d be assured that, somehow, everything would turn out okay. If it was a romance, she’d probably even end up with a new boyfriend by the end of it.

“You never had any friends?” Jules asked. “None at all?”

“I had my brother.” Rebecca paused. “Actually, for a while, I hung out with a guy who lived across the street from me – Rick – but that ended up not going well either.”

“Rick Pressly?”

She nodded.

“He was in a lot of my classes,” Jules said. “I remember him being a super nice guy. What happened?”

“I don’t really want to talk about it. The whole thing was kind of embarrassing.”

Jules laughed. “The two of us are completely naked together. I’ve watched you almost cum twice. How much more embarrassed can you get?”

True. Besides, they still had a while to wait to make sure that Steven wasn’t going to show up. What else were they going to do but talk.

“Fine,” Rebecca said. “Years ago, like pre high school, I found out that he and another girl in the neighborhood, one who’d always bullied me, had played doctor.”

“And you were jealous?”

“Not in the way you’re thinking. I mean, I never had any illusion that he’d want to go out with me or anything.”

“He’s a nice guy and all, but it wasn’t like girls were falling all over him or anything,” Jules said. “Why wouldn’t he want to?”

Rebecca didn’t respond.

“Never mind, then,” Jules said, clearly frustrated. “Please continue your story.”

“Anyway, I guess I was a bit short with him for a while and, after I made one too many snide comments about it, he confronted me. I told him that it hurt my feelings that he did that with her because he obviously didn’t want to see my body. He acted all shocked and told me that he would love to see me naked, but he knew that I was too shy. I protested, and the end result was that we decided to do a round of you show me yours and I’ll show you mine with him going first.” Rebecca hung her head. “Do I really have to tell you the rest of this?”

“You’ve got me totally hooked now, girl!”

Rebecca sighed again. “He was totally right, of course. I was way too shy to take off my clothes and let him see me, so, after he went through with his end of the deal …” Her voice choked. “We were in his room, and I ran out while he was getting dressed. For days, I dodged his calls, and, when he finally forced me to face him, I implied that I had deliberately tricked him into getting naked.”

A tear rolled down her cheek.

“He was so mad at me,” she said. “I mean, no one has ever been that angry with me before or since. He called me dishonorable and all kinds of other stuff, told me he could never trust me again. I thought that things would, you know, blow over, but we’ve never spoken a word to each other since. He won’t even so much as wave when we pass each other on the street.”

“That’s so sad,” Jules said, rubbing her cheek against Rebecca’s shoulder.

The contact, so fresh on the heels of telling that particular story, was a stark reminder of how much of Rebecca was on display. A fresh wave of shame washed through her and, with it, came renewed arousal. She’d been so close to cumming so many times tonight only to be denied each time.

Her nipples hardened, and she whimpered.

“What’s wrong?” Jules asked.

“N-Nothing.”

“Something obviously is.” Jules paused. “You know, the best way to make a friend is to open yourself up to it. Let yourself be vulnerable even though it’s scary. Take a chance.”

God! She was right.

Rebecca grimaced as she decided to follow the advice. “It’s just that I’m so … so … you know.”

“No, I don’t. So, so what?”

“Uh … excited? You know, excited? From not … uh, finishing?”

Jules eyes widened. “Oh.” Then, she laughed. “It’s okay. Really. Personally, I’m so horny that I’m ready to burst. I’d give anything to have my boyfriend here right now.”

God! TMI. But, at the same time, Rebecca felt comforted to know she wasn’t alone.

“Hey,” Jules said. “If you’d be willing to return the favor, I could … help you out?”

“What? No! I’m not … you know. Not that there’s anything wrong with it, but I’m just not …”

“I’m not either,” Jules said, “but … any port in a storm? I don’t know about you, but the metaphorical rain is coming down pretty darn hard on me right now.”

Rebecca wanted to recoil from the girl. After all, a lot of their naked bodies were touching each other, and that contact suddenly took on a lot different meaning than just banding together for comfort. The thought of finally getting off, though, was a powerful temptation, even if it meant a girl – a very pretty girl – was the one doing it. Even if it meant doing the same to the girl.

“I’ve never done anything like that,” Rebecca said. “I’m not sure if I’d know what to do.”

“I’ve never went further than kissing and a little groping with another girl,” Jules said, “and that was just to entertain guys, you know? I think we can figure it out, though. I mean, considering how inept some of the boys who have went down on me were, how hard can it be?”

With all the talk of sex, Rebecca’s pussy was throbbing. “I-If you … If you don’t mind …”

“Spread your legs.”

There was no hesitation or room for equivocation in the tone, and Rebecca immediately complied. Since the other girl was laying on her back and had her hands bound behind her, it took a while, though, to maneuver into position.

Rebecca tensed, her juices flowing, as she waited. She couldn’t believe what was about to happen, what she was allowing another girl to do to her. Heck, not just allowing, either – what she wanted another girl to do to her.

Jules finally made her way down below the spread legs and moved her head above Rebecca’s engorged clit.

“I have to admit that I’m a little nervous,” Jules said.

“Y-You don’t … You don’t have to do it if you don’t want to. I know I’m not …”

“Stop that!” Jules said. “You’re pretty and, as far as I can tell, a wonderful person. I’m glad that my first time with a girl is going to be with you.”

Rebecca’s face flushed. Her embarrassment and all other thoughts left her head, though, as Jules’ tongue made contact.

Nothing besides a loofah and Rebecca’s own fingers had ever touched that part of her body, and the difference in having someone else do it was immense. She liked it. She liked it a lot.

She started panting almost immediately. Pressure in desperate need of relief built quickly.

“Yes,” Rebecca moaned. “Oh God, yes!”

In an embarrassingly short time, the other girl’s wet manipulations had taken her right to the edge. She was close, so very close.

Lights swept the treetops above them. Tires crunched gravel.

A car.

Jules’ head rose, taking her wonderful tongue with it. “What’s that?”

Rebecca didn’t know what or who it was. It could be Steven or Carly or the police. For all she cared, it could be a bus filled with a varsity football team. All she wanted was just to finally finish.

“I better go check,” Jules said.

A Rebecca was left frustrated and wanting – needing – more, dread seeped slowly into her. Who was there for them? Did whoever it was bring salvation or a fresh hell?

She shivered, knowing, for good or ill, she’d find out soon.